PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

CARMEL CYMBAL

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HITLER'S GIRL-FRIEND IN CARMEL

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Princess Stefanie Is Here for 10 Days

SAYS THE EDITOR

OUR HAND TO TALBERT

Our hand to Tal Josselyn. Purchase of his Satevepost story, "Second Wind," by Warner Bros. for the films fills us with glee. Whatever it is that should come to conscientious and talented writers certainly belongs to Talbert. And to him should go Carmel's thanks for holding up the sagging tent of our tradition.

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TOO COSTLY

If, in his published threat to print the names of Carmel's registered citizens who fail to vote at the coming municipal election, our friend Arch MacPhail's object was to revive interest in the *Pine Cone*, he has realized a certain degree of success. As for us, we would consider the arousing of a question as to our intelligence much too high a price to pay for newspaper promotion.

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SEE THESE PUPPETEERS

It isn't often an editor is compelled by his own enthusiasm to hand out publicity for a purely commercial enterprise. When he is, he revels in the freedom of expression. He goes a bit ga-ga. So it's ga-ga we go in our expressed enthusiasm for the Yale Puppeteers. They'll be in Carmel, at Sunset Auditorium, tomorrow (Saturday) night. They're wonderful. We saw and heard them more than a year ago and we haven't an iota of hesitation in declaring their show to be the zenith of sophisticated entertainment. It's swell beyond all words of ours.

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WE REMEMBER THIS

Many, many years ago a certain little, sawed-off, tow-headed, freckle-faced boy used to be patted on the head by a stalwart, white-haired man who occasionally walked along Eighth street in Oakland after a day as principal of the Tompkins school in that city. Still somewhat sawed-off, but now of scant hair except where most of the freckles used to be, the editor of THE CYMBAL recalls the pats and the face of the white-haired man, but he best remembers that the man later wrote, besides "The Man With the Hoe," these few lines of verse:

He drew a circle to shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout—
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

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A NOTE TO ALLEN GRIFFIN

Dear Allen:

Once again you look with mirth and treat with your delightful touch Carmel's Easter pest of exuberant and discourteous youth. Once again I must remind you that you live in Pebble Beach behind a couple of toll gates through which it costs 50 cents to enter by car. While some of our visiting youths had cars, not many of them possessed 50 cents, as the storekeepers will tell you. I'll bet it's nice and peaceful at 4 a.m. where you live over there in the Del Monte Forest. You should have tried sleeping in my house at 4 a.m. last Friday morning.

And, Allen, here are a few statistics for you:

For the Easter vacation period, beginning Friday, March 15, our three policemen, augmented by a student officer from the San Jose State College Police School, worked

(Continued on Page Two)

BIG RODEO IS ON AT THE MISSION RANCH CLUB SUNDAY

The big event of Sunday will be the Gymkhana and Rodeo at the Mission Ranch Club.

The show should rightly have been called Mission Ranch Round-Up, for old-fashioned costumes, and wild-west regalia will prevail. The 12 events smack of western hoss stunts, including plenty for the younger generation, such as Musical Chairs (the horses do not sit in the chairs), a Potato Race, listed under Novelty Race, Best Working Hackamore, Best Working Novice Cow Horse, etc.

All entry fees will be refunded to the winning contestants as the affair is non-profit.

The barbecue lunch will be handled by the American Legion, with Paul Flanders, Herb Brownell and Frank Murphy heading the chef department, in personable white aprons and caps. The boys have been busy all week sharpening their carving knives.

The barbecue is to take off at 1 p.m. and Ocean avenue wil lring with yippees and ridems, while a gala array of colorful shirts and chaps will dazzle the onlookers. The show proper starts at 2 p.m., with the eating department working through the afternoon. There will be the usual Sunday night buffet supper, followed by a cowboy dance. The boys will be permitted to wear their spurs, so leave your chiffon hose at home and don your boots or slacks.

FUND STARTED FOR PURCHASE OF CARTER CARVING

Fine! An effort is being made to buy Dudley Carter's massive redwood carving of "Wek-Wek and the Holukmeyumko" and erect it at the head of the Ocean avenue parking strip at Junipero street facing up the hill.

Harold Nielsen of the Carmel Business Association has started the subscription list and already has several contributions. If you are interested (if you go up to the Forest Theater and look at the group we're sure you will be) you can help by sending your subscription in to THE CYMBAL or to Harold Nielsen. Make your checks out to "Carter Carving" and they will go promptly into the fund.

In next week's issue we will publish a picture of the carving and explain again at that time about its dimensions and the plan for its erection as a Carmel monument.

The city council Wednesday afternoon was asked to voice its approval of the purchase of the redwood monument for Carmel. Individually the council members expressed their admiration for Carter's work and enthusiastically approved the placing of it somewhere in the city, but hesitated about official action until a suitable spot for it was decided on. The council did not favor placing it at the foot of the hill at Junipero street.

E.W. Aldrich Announces His Candidacy For Councilman as Write-In; Otherwise Municipal Campaign Is Dull Indeed

Announcement by Ernest W. Aldrich that he will be a "write-in" candidate for the council in the four-year term bracket, a statement from Percy Parkes that he wants his friends to vote for Saidee Van Brower and quotation of betting odds on Bassett at 1 to 4 at Thoburns and 10 to 1 at the Carmel Investment Company, are the only important developments during the past week in the campaign for municipal offices.

With the election just 11 days distant there is a decided calm, the fireworks, if there are to be any, being kept dry for pyrotechnical display next week. (Flash—Odds now 12 to 1 for Bassett at C.I.C.)

Aldrich notified us last week that he intended to have a statement for us to publish this week, but it hasn't appeared. Over the telephone he said that he was, as in his previous campaign, for lower costs in municipal government.

As for Percy Parkes' statement, he wanted us to write a letter to the paper for him endorsing Miss Van Brower, but we think if he wants such a letter he'd better write it himself. We're ready and willing to announce his preference, however. (Flash—Odds now 17 to 1 for Bassett at C.I.C. No takers.)

While things are calm on the surface, the army-business combine is at work. The slogan is:

"Bassett's the Boy to Beat."

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DR. KALFRED DIP LUM TO TALK AT CARMEL FORUM APRIL 12

A real traveller is Dr. Kalfred Dip Lum who will speak at the Carmel Forum April 12. His list of places visited includes Hawaii, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, South American countries, Siam, French Indo-China, British Straits Settlements, Philippine Islands and the Dutch East Indies. In most cases his missions have been official, in the capacity of special envoy and technical expert on foreign affairs for the Republic of China. Dr. Lum's topic here will be "China Today."

WOMAN SAID TO HAVE SWAYED MUNICH PACT LEAVES ONE OF OUR HOTELS SUDDENLY AFTER DAILY TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS WITH WEIDEMANN AT SAN FRANCISCO

"Mrs. Hall" lived among us for ten days; lived quietly among us—that is, sort of quietly.

"Mrs. Hall" is the Princess Stefanie von Hohenlohe-Waldenburg Schillingfurst and while she was here, at a Carmel hotel, she was constantly being watched by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

While she was here this girl-friend of Adolph Hitler, who engineered for him a $400,000,000 loan through the pro-Nazi Britisher, Lord Rothermere, was in daily telephone conversation with Fritz Weidemann, Nazi consul in San Francisco.

While she was here this Nazi woman of astonishing intrigue, who is said to have had much to do with the Munich Pact, was also repeatedly calling her attorney in New York City and it was following a call to his office that she suddenly departed the Carmel hotel in one of Joe's taxis last week of a Tuesday, vanishing into thin air and leaving no clue as to whither or where.

She departed with her mother, Frau Richter, and her son, the 22-year-old Prince Franz von Hohenlohe Waldenburg Schillingfurst.

And she left in such a hurry that she forgot to pay for a hat she had purchased from an Ocean avenue dress shop.

While his mother was busy telephoning and busy at the same time NOT associating with the other hotel guests, the young Prince was having a good time on picnics and parties up the valley, on the beach and over at Del Monte.

Princess Stefanie acquired some clothes while here. She had several fittings in her apartments at the hotel. The hat she forgot to pay for was sent to her with gowns from an Ocean avenue shop. She purchased a gown or two and sent one back, notifying the shop by telephone that she was also buying the hat and would drop in and pay for it or send the money. It so happened that what reporters in New York have described as "gorgeous diamond ear-clips" intrigued the shop owner. The Princess' perfect French conversation on one hand and perfect German to her mother on the other, also aroused the suspicion of the shop owner until the latter pretty accurately identified the woman in her mind. And this certain shop owner very definitely didn't want to have any dealings of any sort with Hitler's Princess Stefanie. She telephoned to the hotel to ask about the hat. That was on Tuesday, March 19, and the hotel notified the shop owner that the Princess had suddenly checked out.

The FBI agents departed Carmel at the same time. They had been watching her since March 9 when she arrived.

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Her long imposing name reduced to "Steffi" or "Toffi" by her friends,

(Continued on Page Eleven)

SUNSET AUDITORIUM ACOUSTIC SURVEY APRIL 5 AND 6

A scientific survey of the acoustics of Sunset Auditorium will be made April 5 and 6.

It will be made by Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, acoustical expert and physicist, and member of the faculty of the University of California in Los Angeles.

This is according to an announcement made by the board of trustees of the Carmel School District.

Council Adopts Zone Map for District C-2

By second reading and passage the city council has made into law section 85 of the new zoning law which designates the boundary of what is to be known as district C-2 in which certain businesses and business structures, now prohibited in C-1, will be permitted. The section is actually a map of the city in which the new district is shown in outline.

City Attorney William L. Hudson was instructed to draw up a resolution by which the Carmel fire department will be permitted to respond to fire alarms from the new Carmel Junior-Senior High school plant outside the city across the San Simeon Highway. Peter Mawdsley, chairman of the Carmel school board, notified the council that District Attorney Brazil had informed the school trustees that the county would pay all reasonable charges for this service by the Carmel department.

The redwood carving of a Franciscan monk, begun by Remo Scardigli and finished by Roy Zoeller as a WPA project, will be erected by the city in the municipal park, following action in the matter by the council.

City Attorney Hudson announced that the ordinance codifying all the city ordinances will be ready for consideration by the council at its next regular meeting Wednesday evening, April 3.

on 12-hour shifts, with days-off cancelled.

The chief of police worked on 16-hour shifts.

There were 28 arrests made.

There were more than 100 other citations, half of which would have been arrests under normal circumstances.

There was an average of 10 police calls every night for disturbances in houses.

The police were called to one house seven times in one night.

For two hours, between 7 and 9 o'clock, Saturday evening, March 16, the police worked steadily to break up crowds of milling students completely sweeping the sidewalks on Ocean avenue.

How would you like that in Pebble Beach where you live? How funny would it strike you then?

—W. K. Bassett

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YOUTH IS MAD AT US

We have received four communications assailing us for our editorial attitude toward the wave of unpleasant youth that enveloped us last week. All, of course, were anonymous. All were vituperative. Two were illiterate. One had an element of originality, both in its text and the manner of its transmission to us. It was attached to a stick and the stick was stuck in a pile of manure, and the manure was piled in the center of the brick walk just inside the San Carlos street entrance to The Cymbal office. The communication, carefully concealing the identity of the writer, thus, we would say with Elbert Hubbard, robbing his posterity of fame, read as follows:

"This is what the local boys think of the article in your paper of Mar. 22. The writer of this Article needs a good set of monkey glands. (Now how did they know that?) Wake up you old fossil. There are enough deadheads in Carmel now. All of us enjoy having some life in town for a change. We are unanimous in our opinions that there is enough doddering old age trying to run this town now. The *Herald* reflects public opinion in its discussions of this topic. The old people of the town have no more to say about our visitors than have those young enough to enjoy a change of life.

"—One of the Local Boys."

That's not half bad and we see the viewpoint of the young people perfectly. We are surprised that they can't see our viewpoint even hazily. In the long view it is the young people of whom we are thinking in our efforts to keep this town from becoming a riotous summer resort. Not the young people of other towns, but the young people of this one, the majority of whom, we assume, will have considerable to do with the future of the place.

These recurring and waxing Easter human holocausts are not good for Carmel, no matter what the ire of the youth at our protests against them. They are having a growing tendency to make people who once enjoyed coming here for their Easter vacations shun Carmel for this period and, shunning it then, inclined to shun it at other times. This riotous and hilarious week may be a lot of amusement for Carmel young people. We can see that, too. But there is no doubt about the fact that it tends to advertise Carmel as the sort of place where everything goes; where the inhibitions forced on youth in their home towns can be cast to the winds and license take the place of decent liberty.

As a matter of fact, we happen to know that in and around the San Francisco bay districts and in Palo Alto and Santa Clara, the students of the many seats of learning situated therein have decided on Carmel for their Easter whirls because, they say, in Carmel "anything goes." That the spirit of "anything goes" in Carmel is acceptable and delightful to the one or more young men who planted the note for us in the manure pile this week is understandable, but what of the somewhat modified appreciation of this sort of thing when the present youth matures a bit and its idea of what is fun undergoes a change? What about it when the Carmel youth of today becomes the Carmel man and woman of tomorrow and consideration of the welfare of the community in which it lives and wants to continue to live tempers its view of things that occur within the confines of that community?

While youth is vilifying our mature view of things, let it remember that it will live many more years in maturity than it does in youth, and that maturity is a pleasanter state of being in Carmel than it is in Santa Cruz.

And now, while we're on the subject, we'll point out to the youth who have been using Carmel on Easter week, and the Carmel youth who approve of such use, that there is another adjective to be applied to this swing-wide-and-handsome contingent of immaturity and that adjective is—stupid. A guy who yells his head off while robbing a hen coop is either stupid or an idiot. And that applies to hacking egg-laying geese, too. There are things that go on in houses rented by these college students during the Easter week that bear little relation to the spirit of Holy Week as the Christians see it; things that would tend to put some silver threads among the gold around San Francisco bay. We neither condone nor condemn this manifestation of the spirit of modern youth which apparently leaves it both impenitent and undesolated. It is not our business to make our neighbor good, but happy. But we can and do object to manifestations of happiness that destroy our peace of mind and shatter our own will to be happy. And we can lament the stupidity that prompts the tumult and the shouting. Carmel can be a particularly agreeable haven for derelictions that do not yell their heads off and toot their horns at 4 o'clock in the morning.

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COMING AROUND TO OUR WAY OF LOOKING AT IT

We are gratified, and the city should be congratulated on the fact that the United States Post Office Department has at last come around to a decent, self-respecting stand on the matter of renting quarters in Carmel for a post office. The two recent offers for the construction of a building and the rental of it to the government are at a fair return on the money invested. This is in agreeable contrast to the previous two offers which fix a low rental to the government, the difference to be made up to the bidders by monthly payments from merchants and business property owners who would be benefitted by the location of the post office in proximity to their stores and property.

It is significant that D. A. Pressley, postal housing inspector, coming to Carmel two weeks ago, looked at the first two offers and then turned elsewhere for a desirable location. He sought and obtained proposals from Bob Leidig for the property at the north-east corner of Sixth and Dolores, and from John Jordan, in the name of his sister, for the property on the west side of San Carlos street just north of the Union Oil station at Sixth.

And the Leidig and Jordan offers are for construction of a building, according to government requirements, and payment to be made on the basis of a legitimate and fair return to the property owners.

Furthermore, Pressley let it be known while in Carmel that he is recommending to the government that hereafter it conduct on this basis its affairs with cities where buildings are rented.

The Cymbal beefed about this matter more than a year ago when Ed Ewig was getting $1 a year from the government for his building and taxing Ocean avenue merchants to make up the balance of a fair return to him. We choose to think that our cry in the wilderness was heard in Washington and we toss up a few red roses, run under blithely and scream at the top of our lungs: "What a power of the press are we!" W. K. B.

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MRS. DUMMAGE STARTS RECONSTRUCTION OF SLEVIN'S OLD STORE

Down goes the Slevin landmark. Or, at least, off goes part of it. Mrs. Mary L. Dummage, who bought the property, has started the work of renovation, or whatever you call it. It is understood that she will make two shops out of the one, and that the second story will disappear.

Incidentally, have we told you that the old wooden cash register that used to clang when it ate the change Louis Slevin got out of people for what he sold, was sold by him to the National Cash Register Company? "Dust to dust," y'know. Louis says it was of the vintage of 1893.

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"PLANTSMITH'S SPOONIT" GETS U.S. PATENT

"Plantsmith's Spoonit" is now patented. E. Frederick Smith of the Plant Chemicals Co., Ltd., received notice of the granting of the patent in Washington.

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It's wonderful what a Cymbal Classified Ad will do.

Hear Father Hubbard Tell You About The Atpat—Famous Glacier Priest At Sunset Auditorium Tonight

FATHER HUBBARD

The atpat, says Father Hubbard, is a determined bird. Like her remote cousin, the pelican, she has more inner resources than most fowl. Each June when the minute hand is on the right spot in the zodiac, she lays herself an egg. In the normal course of events comes baby atpat, God bless it. But if, before the egg is hatched, you happened by one morn with only a strip of walrus blubber to coddle over your fire and, seeing this potential sunny-side-up, you rashly appropriated it, matriarch atpat would philosophically lay another. Well, suppose you stick around until this has happened for three days in succession, then beware of the fourth! For Mrs. Atpat will be awaiting you and her dander will be up. Planting herself before you and fixing you with her arctic eye, she will then and there lay her fourth egg and this one, eschewing incubation, will hatch before your astonished gaze. Then with a wink, Mrs. Atpat and Junior will waddle off into the aurora borealis.

Recently returned from his eleventh Alaskan expedition, with his famous lecture on the Cliff Dwellers of the Far North and many fascinating motion pictures pertaining thereto, Carmel will have the unique privilege of hearing Father Hubbard at the Sunset Auditorium tonight at 8:30.

There will be the oomiak, the Kadiak, the igloo, along with such items as a hint to us housewives about ice cream-making. On King Island where Father Hubbard has lived among the Esquimos for 35 years ice cream is made out of seal oil, dried grass, herbs if and as desired for flavor, tallow to stick it together, clean snow and walrus blubber. Beat ingredients well with a walrus tusk before serving . . . hey you, Constant Eater, you take over from there . . .

Besides all the interesting details of life on a square mile of rock in the Arctic, there will be the pictures of the great nature forces forever agitating this desolate land; of stupendous pinnacles of ice, of the mountainous spume that constantly attacks this strange stark tower in the Bering Sea. Here live 200 Esquimos, who through the long winters fashion exquisite objects out of wood and tusk and in summer take their wares to Nome, 90 miles away across water, there to be rooked and to get gloriously sick on ice cream and ham and eggs.

Father Hubbard started his geological career climbing around the Santa Cruz mountains and then, one summer, he thumbed his way to Alaska. That makes a couple of questions we intend to ask him tonight; how you thumb your way to Alaska and what the atpat does with those other three eggs if you don't happen along and lift 'em.

One of the highest paid lecturers in the world, and one of the most popular (his lectures at West Point are always the favorite event of the year there), we are indeed lucky to have Father Hubbard with us.

This is a charity affair and a worthy one. The Soroptimist Club would like to help a Carmel woman who has been suddenly and tragically stricken with tuberculosis. The nature of her work makes her a valuable citizen in our community. And the choice of Father Hubbard to further this good cause is a fortuitous one, forasmuch as one of the objects of this latest exhibition of his was to enable a physician friend to study the magical curative effect of seal oil on tuberculosis.

Tickets are on sale at Spud's in Carmel and the Palace Drug in Monterey. —L. S.

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Mrs. J. H. Maloney was joined over the week-end by a group of friends including Miss Eleanor McClatchy of Sacramento, Miss F. B. Hayes of Lincoln, Neb., G. E. Dilley and E. J. Barnett of Evanston, Ill., and Dunbar Beck of Hadlyme, Conn. Mrs. Maloney's friends stayed at La Ribera.

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McCarthy's Play On This Next Week-End

When *Miss Shea* says to *Bill*, "You may go up to your room and write, 'I, William Green, have but one purpose, and that is to become a gentleman'—seventy-five times. And you may write it in Latin," you are instantly wafted back on a wave of nostalgia to your own High School days. I don't know why it is that High School memories have a haunting quality about them, compounded of a horrible poignancy and a sweet bitterness that no other time in life retains. We dream of them in cold sweats and hot flashes, their ridiculousness and their shy beauty, long after the memories of college are swallowed up in the maw of maturity.

The tortures of adolescence, I suppose, when you are one long battleground between yesterday and tomorrow. And Chick's latest dramatic effort, "What A Life," which had a successful run on Broadway two years ago, will give you a chance for once to sit back in your chair and relax and see yourself as you actually were in those remote times; will catapult you suddenly back to that Spring morning when the Headmaster looked straight at you across a roomful of students in study hall and said in thunderous tones, "Mr. Johnson, if you and Miss Sargent don't look out you'll burn a hole in the air with those hot notes you're passing back there."

Oh, do you remember the heroine who wrote the class song? And one day the principal noticed a bulge in your pockets and made you empty the contents onto his desk; and the time the English teacher asked you to write the story of "Antony and Cleopatra" in your own words—and you did? It will all come back to you as screamingly funny in this play, and you may remember, too, that once the Tragic Sense of Life, as Miguel d'Unamuno puts it, filled this great world and overflowed into tears that came upon you at the most embarrassing places.

Gene Watson is perfect; he is all the stupid, hated asses of High School principals that ever boy and girl had. Frank Dickinson adds up to all the teachers whose personal vindictiveness about life lands in blue pencil on your best efforts at history paper; he is 410 A.D., 360 B.C., 1066 and all those loathesome things. And Donnan Jeffers, playing the part of the assistant principal, is that sweet balm in the bleeding bosom, the teacher who Understands.

But it's the kids who carry off the show. Howard Levinson and Frank de Langton and George Gossler and Louise Welty and Roseanne Sprinkle are just you and I that many years ago, called to that most terrible of chambers, the principal's office. They are doing a grand job of being themselves, with dangling hands in and out of pockets, with lies and hopes and eagerness.

It's *so* refreshing! —L. S.

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Bob Martin is back in Carmel after a ten-day sojourn at the Park Lane hospital in Salinas where he had his appendix removed. He plans to spend a couple of weeks recuperating up the Carmel Valley with his aunt, Elsbeth Frellson, who has a swimming-hole in her back yard, and if Bob can arrange it with the proper parental authorities, i.e., Mrs. Eric Van Zandt, he will stay up there till fishing season opens, as the trout are practically leaping through the kitchen windows.

Eleanor Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson, Tom Dewey and Jim Farley To Do Their Stuff for Yale Puppeteers Tomorrow

YALE PUPPETEERS at work and play.

Men! have you heard about the boxing match at Sunset Auditorium tomorrow night? A title match at that, in what could definitely be called the heavyweight class. Between Tom Dewey and Jim Farley.

Ladies! do you know about the sister act featuring Eleanor Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson, on the same program?

Do you realize that Whistler's Mother and Little Flower La Guardia will be there, up to some thoroughly unorthodox antics? To say nothing of Alexander Woollcott, making his usual transparent effort to fool all the people all the time and the Lunts hanging by their heads waiting for their act and not talking back to each other, not even flinging optical daggers; just quietly hanging: and F.D.R. toasting at the fireside and chatting to some fish.

The Yale Puppeteers, of course, in their wholly revised and hotter-than-the-minute revue, "It's a Small World."

After a 54-week engagement in New York, it's hardly necessary to say that Carmel is wondrously fortunate to have one of the world's smartest, funniest, livest, most sophisticated entertainments. A good many of you rolled in the aisles over it last year and naturally wouldn't miss it for the world. But for those of you who didn't see it, let's dispel from your minds this instant any false ideas about the puppets.

"It's a Small World" is no child's play. The puppets themselves are between three and four feet tall and they speak with the tongues of men and not angels. Forman Brown who has done the words and music has created something that might be out of Cole Porter by Aristophanes and the Rockettes. Harry Burnett who creates the figures snoops about wings and pillars studying his subjects; that is, until they catch him at it and come right out gladly and strut their stuff for him. Probably as great a compliment as a caricature artist can get is that the subject either hates or loves his own caricature. Martha Graham did a dance on purpose for Mr. Burnett and the tendency among the famooses he travesties to be willing to commit mayhem in order to have their own puppet for keeps is praise enough. "This is the nearest I'll ever come to see Myself act," Walter Hampden said after fascinatingly watching a repeat performance of Himself backstage.

And to think that they do it, as someone said of the crickets, with their hind legs. That is to say, they do it, all the string pulling and other funny business, in plain sight of the audience, thus giving two shows at once to the enormous glee of all.

There is no doubt whatever that for sheer fun this will be the best thing of the year. These American boys have worked up from the background of all puppeteers of all ages to an achievement that somehow parallels the growth from the old miracle plays to the Broadway revue. They have all the contemporary stuff at their fingertips, but they have retained along with it the strange charm of the little wooden men and women. Bernard Shaw says the puppet is always a better actor than the human, for he has no personality of his own to get in the way. Perhaps, too, one of the secrets of the great success of puppets is the feeling of power in the fingers of the puppeteer himself. This sense Forman Brown himself has beautifully expressed in a sonnet on his own work which I am quoting here from his charming book. "Punch's Progress," a copy of which is in the Carmel Library. This is called "Puppeteer."

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"I have played God, stood balancing above
the yellow glare of lights and pulled the strings
that make alive the tiny wooden things
and felt not mercy, kindliness, or love,
but only aching fingers, eyes that strain
to make the puppet pass across the stage
and simulate the human heritage
of pleasure that is masquerading pain.
Some day I shall not make them act like men.
I shall be God indeed, and shall not care.
Ah, how I'll send them swinging through the air!
Ah, how I'll make them leap and grovel then!
Ah, how I'll laugh when they who watch the show
whisper 'He's mad!' He's God, I'll have you know."

—L. S

Monterey Peninsula's Modern Store for Men

WHAT IS THE THREE-PAY PLAN?

The three pay plan is simply a method by which fine clothes may be obtained at **cash prices** and paid for within sixty days. You simply pay one third of the total cost at the time of the purchase; one third in thirty days, and one third in sixty days. No carrying charges, interest, or higher mark-up of prices are made. You pay the actual cash price only.

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The Cymbal is on sale at:
Del Monte Hotel Newsstand
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

British Maker Of Books Is On Peninsula

A breath of Kensington Gardens in Spring, that subtle essence of all the English countrysides that seems able to creep into the heart of her great metropolis, blew in through the door of THE CYMBAL yesterday with Mr. Edmund W. Brooks of London. Mr. Brooks is a bookmaker with a handpress after the manner of William Morris and had just got together a very limited edition of Shelley's "Adonais," when things began to happen in Europe that were not sympathetic to such fine ventures as his. He tucked what was left of his 250 copies and his five *de luxe* numbers in crushed levant morocco, and went on a jolly traipse through France, Switzerland and Italy peddling his wares.

Brooks, who is in California visiting his mother, is looking over the American bookmaking situation, taking an incidental sketching tour on this peninsula and biding his time until culture may safely raise her fair head again and he can go about making a fine "Hamlet" for the lovers of fine books.

+ + +

ADULT CLASS TO OFFER SOCIAL DANCE COURSE

Social Dancing will be offered at Carmel Adult School with a class opening Wednesday, April 3, in the lunch room at 7:30 p.m. The instructor will be Mrs. Miriam C. Watson, well known for her recent direction of the Cascarone Ball, the dancing in the Finnish Relief program and numerous other activities. Mrs. Watson is director of healthful living activities for girls at Sunset School.

The exact dances to be presented to the class will be determined by the desires of the students. Some of the possibilities are the Virginia Reel, Square Dances, the Schottisch, Quadrilles, Sicilian Circle, Swedish and Tango. Emphasis will be on dances for social use, for the development of poise and grace, and for recreation.

The class is open without charge to all adults.

+ + +

Travel conditions are good over the Donner Summit, with pavement from Sacramento via U. S. 40 through Auburn and Truckee to Reno, reports the California State Automobile Association. From a point just south of Truckee paved road in good condition extends to Tahoe City and also around the California and Nevada sides of Lake Tahoe.

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

HARRY DICK ROSS

Harry Dick Ross, examples of whose remarkably good handiwork in wood may be seen any day at the Craftsmen's Guild, is having a show of his wood sculpture at the Book of the Day Shop in Hollywood. The venture is sponsored by no less a person than Carl Sandburg, a great friend of the Rosses and an admirer of Harry Dick's work. "Fella," he said to the sculptor, "you got an axe in your hand."

The Rosses, Harry Dick and Shanagolden (Shanagolden is known to CYMBAL readers as L. Bos Ross, from her rare but lovely contributions to our paper) took Effie, the automotive member of the family and Chiquita, better known as Mrs. Zilch, the wirehaired Ross, and started off down the San Simeon highway, pushing away at mountains that got in their path, persuading boulders to move over, and eventually arrived at the exhibition themselves. Whereupon a guy walks in and buys the biggest and most expensive piece in the show. The sale has been fine, and if there is anything left, the Craft Guild shop hopes to place it on view when Hollywood gets through with it.

We have a special interest in the collection because it harbors a child of our own. One day we were on our way down to the Rosses for one of the exciting visits and exceptional feeds we always have there and, thinking to take offering, we snatched up a stick of driftwood for their big fireplace. Next time we went down our chunk of well-worn sycamore had been transmuted into an exquisite lady, fine-modelled and pure. She was nearly boughten the other day, but we wish she'd come to her final resting place somewhere in Carmel, where we could call on her now and then; where she may hear the wash of the waves that brought her such good fortune. —L. S.

+

JACK LANCASTER

Jack Lancaster, who has been with us since Christmas, left Carmel this week for San Francisco. He bears two plays under his arm —both melodramas. Jack knows a lot about melodrama, has dug into it for years now and done countless research. He's even writing a book on the history of melodrama. One of the plays was produced at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco at the same time that Galt Bell was putting on "The Drunkard" at the Palace. The other, a football yarn of 1909 vintage, Galt rather liked and it was he who sent Jack to see Denny-Watrous about it. No soap, however. If he doesn't find a berth for it this time he'll go back into "Cavalcade" as soon as the Fair re-opens.

Jack was in "Cavalcade" until the Fair closed and then came here to be Santa Claus for Holman's Department Store. He considers this last to be a good top for a career that included such far from dull interludes as managing De-Wolf Hopper in "The Mikado" and "The Bohemian Girl," suping for Orson Welles at the Columbia Theatre and carrying a lantern while Welles, Katharine Cornell and Basil Rathbone paced swiftly through a stream-lined "Romeo and Juliet"; and working in the Los Angeles First National with William Edward Hickman, who murdered the banker's daughter and whose subsequent capture in Pendleton, Ore., was the man-hunt of the year.

His work with "Cavalcade" produced thrills due mostly to his work in organizing the A.G.V.A (American Guild of Variety Artists) after much trouble with Organized Labor and much furtive meetings at midnight in the old loft.

Lancaster has a gift for ironic verse and satirical prose. His is bitter and biting humor leavened occasionally by pure comedy. It was fun having him here. —M. W.

+

THE NINETY-FIRST OBSERVATION SQUADRON AND THE THIRD BALLOON—VISITORS:

Suddenly the field back of the hangar at Monterey Airport was patterned like a checkerboard with fresh squares of new wood. The next time, each square was covered with an inverted cone of khaki-colored canvas. The Third and the Ninety-first, stationed together under the command of Col. Charles B. Oldfield, had arrived.

They came from Fort Lewis, Wash., January 15, and it took 27 trucks, seven freight cars and nine airplanes to do it. They planted their eight Douglas observation planes and their Graumman amphibian in the north corner of the flying field, tied their blimp, *Bessie*, to a tree, and parked their dun-colored, mysteriously lettered and numeraled trucks with headlights facing the camping area. They were ready to go to work.

Both outfits have missions to perform. The Ninety-first, under the command of Major Guy H Gale, cooperates with the Infantry and Cavalry, spots fire for Field and Coast Artillery Corps, tows targets for anti-aircraft, and photographs and makes photographic maps for all branches of the army and other government agencies.

It was purely a measure of self-defense that caused the Ninety-first to make a separate unit of its photo section. Aerial mapping is a highly specialized subject and the men who do it are activated by a highly specialized form of madness. It is said that after doing aerial mapping at high altitude (25,000 feet or more) they have to be muzzled for 24 hours afterwards.

Captain George Northrup is in charge of "Flight F" and is aided by Lieutenant J. P. Stewart and 22 enlisted men. They are isolated in the largest tent on the field with the possible exception of the recreation tent which belongs to the Presidio of Monterey anyway, and shouldn't be counted. Under its protective folds is "Flight F's" pride and joy—the stainless steel traveling photographic laboratory in which a negative can be developed, printed and dried in 20 minutes flat. This is an emergency time record, however, and is not attempted under normal conditions. It has even been suggested that prints are rinsed in alcohol instead of water when time is at a premium, but this may be nothing more than rumor.

It is in making mosaics that the men of "Flight F" demonstrate their peculiar faculty for intense preoccupation. A mosaic is a composite map of a given area taken at varying altitudes, depending upon the scale desired. If you wanted a picture of 20 miles of Carmel Valley at 10,000 feet, approximately 1600 pictures would be taken. Each plane is equipped with tandem Fairchild cameras that take five pictures at a crack—one vertical, four oblique. They are restored to true scale in the laboratory afterwards. Only the centers of each picture are used with 60 per cent allowed for over-lapping. After cutting, edges have to be whittled down and sandpapered smooth, then all 1600 of them fitted together and mounted on a board. The result is a composite picture of the desired area.

Colonel Michael E. McHugo heads the Third Balloon Squadron whose mission is artillery observation and whose sleek silver-sheathed blimp sometimes plays games with the observation planes, good-naturedly providing a nice, fat target for their machine guns. It takes just as many men to handle one blimp as it does nine planes, so this outfit is practically identical in size to that of Major Gale's.

Officers of the air corps are allowed to take individual training and navigation on cross-country flying at their own expense each week-end, the army providing the plane and fuel. They are allowed to travel anywhere within a radius of 1000 miles from their base. So, what with officers off on cross-country and as many more tucked into the bosom of their families in Carmel, camp looks fairly well deserted on Sundays.

This is where the mess sergeant's psychic gifts come in handy. He can guess to within a chicken and a half of how many men he'll have to feed. As the number varies constantly from day to day, this ability is something not to be dismissed lightly. Pointed to with pride was the new ice box, made from the mess sergeant's specifications and under his supervision just last week. It's large enough to hold food for both officers' mess and soldiers', and they're so proud of it they'll take it back to Fort Lewis with them.

The Ninety-first Observation Squadron was first organized in 1917 and was among the first five American squadrons to arrive upon the scene of battle in the first World War. It fought 139 combats and received credit for bringing down 21 German planes, took 3700 successful negatives from which 143,233 prints were made, flew 1045 hours and covered 17,000 miles beyond enemy lines, performing 252 successful visual reconnaissance missions and 108 photographic reconnaissance missions. For all this it received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government. Its insignia is a mounted knight in armor chasing a red devil. You see it on their planes, on their leather flying jackets, and duplicated various buttons and pins. It was evolved from the introductory pen and ink drawing that headed the original *Life* magazine, but no one knows why.

They've started gunnery this week, which means one plane drags a target for the rest of them to

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

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CLANGING CYMBALS

This morning I woke to birdsong. To some wayward breath of Spring that was not out of California at all, but of New Hampshire; of home. And before I opened my eyes, I saw the robin in the dew and the cramped arms of the old, old Gravenstein apple tree under my childhood windows. And I saw my mother hurrying to get breakfast, quietly and happily, in the big kitchen downstairs.

So it occurred to me that I might abstract from a series of sketches I have written about my mother, this one about the way in which she began her day. She had, at the time this skit describes, just moved to Fernside . . . to an old rundown farm in a remote section of New England. She was only twenty-eight years old and her life was crammed with the ceaseless burdensome detail of the mother of four, and then five, and then six, children; with the unending cares of the farm. For twenty-five years after the morning described she lived at Fernside, and she died there. They were years of poverty and hard work, but, too, they were years of great beauty and of a happiness far past description.

In all that time, the hour between the first sound of father's alarm clock, so often before dawn had even begun to show, and the first waking child, was her especial girding hour. Out of it she fashioned an alabastrine vessel to hold whatever posies the day might pluck for her. And no matter what the hardship that confronted, whereof the sorrow, she was ready for us with a bath of radiance when we came down to the big kitchen in the morning.

* * *

She hears Pa's alarm go off and stirs beside him. Down in the misty valley of the Contoocook over which Fernside broods like a sleepy old cat of a morning, the whistle of the paper train announces that dawn rides rods with the caboose. In another hour the train will come back from up the line and pick up milk for the Boston market. By that time, Pa must have the milking done and be at the depot, two miles away.

She has been sleeping saucered against him, as usual and now she turns slowly over, yielding herself to the morning flux. Awareness comes up slumberously out of dream to recede to dream again. She hears Pa get out of bed and half opens her eyes, for the sight of his hard thin body is strong brew for her awakening. When he has pulled on his overalls and tiptoed out and she can hear him building up the morning fire, the pungence of birch bark keening her nostrils, she lies for a while touching her thews where the current still lingers, wondering.

Now he has grabbed the milk pails and got the cheesecloth strainer from the line and she can hear the thunder of the great barn door rolling like resurrection on its old hand-wrought rollers. She thinks of the four young faces in the house, their brash child beauty still given in sleep to the cherubim, and smiles herself awake.

When she lifts herself to one elbow she can see, out the north window of her bedroom that looks upon the back yard and pasture, the still, blue shadow of the old Gravenstein tree leap the well-curb and lie serpented and ramose along the wet grass tips. The little cobwebs stretch from blade to blade like fairy diapers. A fat robin, off duty from the nest, cocks his head sidewise for the noisome sound of worms in the noisy earth; and a junco preens his tail coverts from a perilous twig, knowing his wings. Within her the lingering ecstasy of the blood transmutes slowly by its imperceptible alchemy to the June ecstasy of sound and sight. She slips from her bed and lets her long nightgown fall from her body, feeling the quality of the dew invade her flesh.

She thinks, I am twenty-eight years old . . . a grown-up woman with four children. But I am like the Spring morning, too. The Spring is old, too, but oh, so young. When I open the door into the sittingroom, the sun will wink at me . . . the old-young sun.

Oh, it does look pretty, she cries softly to herself when the sitting room comes in sight around the door jamb.

Well, goodness knows, she'd worked hard enough to make the old room liveable. Papering and painting it and cutting down her best dimity curtains to fit its stingy little windows. Sometimes while she was struggling away with it, it seemed as if it almost had a personal grudge against her; a snappishness at being roused from its old dingy comfort. It simply wasn't going to acknowledge an acquaintance of little more than a month; not Aunt Mary Frank's room.

She smiles this morning, thinking of Aunt Mary Frank, who had reluctantly but with vigor, let go of life in this room at the age of ninety-three, still giving orders after the manner of the Sargent women. The house had been vacant since then and she guessed it had got set in its ways, it being over two hundred years old itself. Al's great-aunt Mary Frank had been a queer one. Way back in the seventies she'd travelled all over the country lecturing on Women's Rights. They told how she took a servant with her and how, to save expenses, she got into the bed the servant had just left in the morning, having worked all night on her books and treatises. How, when the old lady, exercising her own prerogative, decided she might as well up and die and be done with it, called her servant to her, after the biblical manner, and said, Now, Lessie, we're packin' up for a long trip. We don't need any luggage where we're goin' and your old timetables you set such store by won't be a mite of good. You'd better come along with me. I won't have the Almighty wastin' a whole mansion on you. How Lessie caught a cold from sleeping that night in an unwarmed bed and followed her mistress in time for a double funeral. And how the relatives outraged the dead by burying them in separate coffins.

Young Agnes laughs aloud at the two old ladies this morning, thinking how typically a Sargent woman room it is. Indomitable and sassy. No two of its old boards lay true and she'd had to trim the wallpaper here and there and fit in little strips and gores where the warpings of its waywardness tried to stump her. Now the sun poured in its one east window, filtered through the budding red geranium, and winked at her. It's homey, now, she thinks and there's something about its wry old stubbornness that tickles her. She had got her way with it, much as she is learning to get her way with Pa, by letting it do as it pleased in most things.

And now, in a true Sargent mood of tenderness and grace, it flings at her through its east window the whole dawn magic of the valley, frothed up with rose mist like beaten strawberries and cream and spattering over the hilltops.

Ah, but there is no peckishness about her kitchen and when she throws open that door, she finds it waiting for her, big and friendly like a familiar animal. They have so much to do today . . . she and this old room . . . so much to do. But they will have their morning peace and she reaches up and lays her palm on its low ceiling, glowing with its new coat of whitewash.

The kitchen is glad of me, she whispers. It is kin to me. Already I am at home here. And with surprise, she remembers how desolate she was back there only a few weeks, and how, when she came out in the morning, the homely old room witnessed her tears, mutely offering what comfort was in the Spring sunshine lying along its worn floorboards and its fat old stove looking perpetually pregnant and the paths lain along from stove to sink to pantry by two hundred years of feet. It had seemed to touch her with hands, that room, throwing out its handkerchiefs of sun to take the tears. She had no belief in spirits, but something invaded her and she often thought of all the women who had had their chief habitation here. Of their home-cobblered shoes along its flooring and their rough hands laid in pain across their gestant bellies; of how they would wash the flour from their hands at the pump and cross the room craftily to the birthing. Of all the human pleasure and pain that had sprung up in this room and died there and been forgotten. Of the laughter that had brushed the walls and even now must rest in wraiths in the chinks of its ancient panelling. She saw dimpling knees crawling uncertainly on the pine knots and heard shuffling old men, too. Saw blood and food spilled incontinently there and thought how soap and water had scrubbed even the memories away. A tender and intimate room, many times wife and mother.

And going to its south windows, she stood to the day.

Just beyond the stone wall at the farther side of the road, the old pear tree came running toward her holding in its stiff upright fingers the unbearable grace of its white bloom. Oh, thank you . . . thank you, she cried. And when two brilliant quarrelling jays swept into it, she laughed aloud. Stop your foolishness, children, she said. Stop your foolish quarrelling.

The sharp blades of the young grass erected to the sun and the whithering swallows left their nests under the barn eaves and made graceful scribblings on the sky. Across the valley, where only two white church spires lifted to lip the morning and proclaim over the blue pines the village below, her face went up to meet the hills. They were breakfasting in bed this morning, fingering the uneven ruffs of their nightgowns placidly against cloud pillows. And no wonder, the sly fellows. Oh, she knew about these hills. How, in the night, they danced and cavorted about. Little solitary Mt. Hunger, that prim deacon by day, would leap on the saddle back of Crany and romp off upsky with Proctor Hill galloping after like a happy runt. They were so dignified, come morning, like her own children after some mischief. Well, she'd not tell on them . . .

Silly woman, making up games with the mountains, and breakfast not started. She cast one backward glance at the top of Crany Hill. On his bald top were two old seedling pines, marching stiffly. You look like two old ladies going to church, she said. Ha ha. You run and jump, too, she smiled at them.

But then, the sun climbing, she caught for the first time the sharp riant green of the sweetfern as it hummocked downhill to the floor of the valley. It was all over the south pasture, so fresh, so very gay! She threw up the sash the better to catch this newfound liveliness. The scent of it flew at her like little beating birds, pecking delicately at her nostrils, across her eyes, along the backs of her hands. Fernside, she cried suddenly. We'll name our place Fernside.

She said it aloud twice and ran to make the coffee, whisking away the chips Pa had left on the stove lid with a hen's wing. I must get a turkey wing from Mama next time we go up to the Minks, she thought. And then, Fernside . . . again. She stirred up a double boiler of oatmeal and mixed fritter batter. She ran around the table, putting down knives and forks with a clatter and brought out a part of last night's pie for Pa. Goodness, is that the milk train whistle so soon. Pa'll be here in a jiffy; there's no stopping that old John-horse, once he gets his nose headed for his oats.

When she refilled the teakettle from the pump she saw it again out of the north window, the Gravenstein tree. It was peering into the house straight at her, like an unbelievably old man offering her a bouquet. Gnarled and old and split by lightnings, its limbs jagged and amputate, it made its gallant obeisance. And its blossoms were so fragile-beautied, so heavy-bellied with their grace that her heart was twisted on the spit of it. She ran and opened the back door.

How *can* you be so beautiful . . . and so old! she breathed. And then it came to her that one day she, too, would be old. I shall be old and twisted, just like you. My crooked arm will get crookeder and crookeder and my hair, also, will be thin; my skin rough. But I, too, shall bear fruit then . . . I myself shall bloom until I die.

This was a deep cry of torturing joy, so that she sang aloud to the tree . . . until I die . . . until I die . . .

And she stood very still, drenched with life to its death-still core, on the grassy knoll where it sloped to encup the kitchen doorrock.

Hark! Is that a door opening . . . a child's summoning hunger? Ah, I am ready now . . .

And she runs into the house, but she is trembling a little.

—Lynda Sargent

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"The wittles is up!"

ABOUT FOOD—SOMETIMES!

Once upon a time, when the Youngest Constant Eater was only five years old, I made what seemed to me an important discovery. It had commercial possibilities and I often thought I would offer my idea to the *New Yorker*, for which it was quite obviously a perfect find.

Here is how it happened. Believing to some extent in the freedom of the individual we never made the weekly perusal of the *New Yorker* compulsory in the mental life of the Y.C.E. But then, neither did we keep it out of his reach. We had a lot of copies around the house which we couldn't bear to throw away and the Y.C.E. used to spend a good deal of time studying them. When he asked to have picture titles read and when we saw him chuckling as he looked at the pages of this unique magazine, we were quietly elated. "After all," we told each other, "an intelligent child does instinctively prefer the best in literature and humor."

We felt that here, without any heart-breaking effort on our part, was a good habit early acquired. We could, we congratulated ourselves, rest easy feeling sure that even when he left our home our son would always remain a loyal subscriber to the *New Yorker*. We have all heard, I'm sure, that the habits a child learns in his first six years have an appalling degree of influence on his later life.

Well, this is where my discovery begins to concern the *New Yorker*. If they could get the younger generation into the *New Yorker* habit—well, they'd know absolutely that their future subscriptions were assured!

Now, you'll probably say, and quite logically, too, that if an intelligent child *instinctively* prefers the best humor, what would the *New Yorker* need to do about it?

Nothing—if this were entirely true. But what I discovered was that it wasn't instinct altogether, it was really early training, early being read to in a special type of humor, that prepared our child to appreciate the *New Yorker* as he did at five years of age.

You see, in the Y.C.E.'s miscellaneous collection of books there were a few dealing with the adventures of the Bobbsey Twins, which relatives had presented him. The exact number in this series is shrouded in mystery. The volumes stretch along yards of shelf space in juvenile book departments. I often think how lucky it was Mrs. Bobbsey produced *two* sets of twins; moreover, what a neat job she made of it, with a boy and girl in each set! Until the quints came along I believe the Bobbsey twins were the most popular example of multiple birth on record.

It was one day when the Y.C.E. brought me to read him the volume entitled "The Bobbsey Twins at the Seashore" that the light burst upon me.

Here was where he got that training in a subtle sense of humor which led him so naturally to the *New Yorker*. My first clue came with his chuckle of appreciation, his fervent "That's neat!", at the following bit:

"'Did you have the nightmare?' asked Dorothy.

"'Nightmare, indeed!' Nan exclaimed. 'Why, you told me the sun would rise under my window and I got up to—'

"'See it do the rise!' laughed Dorothy in her jolly way."

The "jolly Dorothy" was a cousin whom the Bobbseys were visiting, and really, that girl's sense of fun was just irresistible. Right along in the story she continued to be awfully funny, and she got funnier all the time. As her cousin Nan remarked, admiringly, "'She doesn't need any brother, she is so jolly and funny'."

A few pages further on you come to some of the best examples of Dorothy's jollity. Being told to prepare a room for a coming guest who was a poor girl in not the best of health, Dorothy responded brightly, "'All right, mother, we'll make her room look like—like a valentine' . . . always getting some fun in even where very serious matters were concerned."

You won't be surprised after that to hear what a cute joke she played on Nellie, the newcomer, that night. She hid six alarm clocks in the room, set to go off at different intervals of time after the guest was in bed. It kept the whole household awake and made no end of fun.

When Nellie was met at the station Dorothy's first saying was, "'Yes, you are sure the air is so strong you must swallow strength all the time,' and Nellie knew from the remark that Dorothy was a jolly girl."

Well, you can see that the book is just crammed with "Dorothy's Doings," as indeed one chapter is named, and that it contains a lot of hearty laughs. It isn't necessary to quote them all but I'll just add one last one which I hate to have you miss. The Y.C.E. and I had a good laugh over it.

Nellie's mother had been invited to join the party and in the conversation when she and her daughter met:

"'Oh, I've had a perfectly fine time,' declared Nellie.

"'Fine and dandy,' repeated Dorothy, unable to restrain her fun-making spirit." That's Dorothy all over—just a jolly girl unable to restrain her fun-making spirit.

I was thinking of suggesting to the *New Yorker* that it offer a Bobbsey book with all subscriptions taken by individuals in whose homes could be heard the patter of little feet. I hadn't realized before the value of such reading as the Bobbsey Twins in developing the very young child's sense of humor. But I'm convinced now that from these books to the pages of the *New Yorker* is an easy, almost inevitable step.

—CONSTANT EATER

Ronald Telfer Scores Again

Ronald Telfer, San Francisco director and actor, read the current New York success, "Life With Father," to an audience which filled the Legion Hall last Saturday night.

It was an extraordinarily satisfying evening. The play itself has scenes that are irresistibly funny. It is an adaptation from the book of sketches of the same name that Clarence Day, before his death, wrote about his own family and their father, who was a tyrant of the old school, and whose only weakness was that he loved his wife and children, a weakness which in the play they are perfectly capable of exploiting when occasion demands. It's a good play, with comedy and with satire, and the character of the mother, though sweet enough for all human purposes, is a wonderful relief from those horrible high-sugar idealizations which represent motherhood in the current movies.

Ronald Telfer brought the human and comic values of the play to his audience with flawless skill. His feat in so clearly characterizing the astute *Mr. Day*, together with his wife, the minister, the country cousin, and the four sons of the family, was remarkable. Even the ages of the four sons were differentiated with extreme clarity. Telfer has achieved in my judgment a perfect reading technique. His pace, his timing, and the concord he so quietly builds with his audience is exact and final. It was a virtuoso performance, and the Carmel audience, which a couple of weeks ago just sat there and dared poor Ruth Draper to amuse them, were enthusiastic over Telfer.

As one interested in the theater I'm sure to be seeing "Life With Father" in other forms. It's sure to go on tour and it's sure to be a super-super picture. And for my money Ronald Telfer has put several actors of the touring company and the picture cast on the spot. They'll have to be very good to get their characterizations over as well as Telfer did.

And just from a business standpoint, if I were the American Legion Auxiliary, and had Ronald Telfer, I'd hire a hall, beat my drum, and make a production of him.

—CHICK MCCARTHY

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BEING OUR DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT

A slide has closed the Carmel-San Simeon section of State Route 1, preventing through travel from Big Sur to San Luis Obispo, reports the California State Automobile Association.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Myers entertained for the polo crowd at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club with a very gay dinner dance for 80 guests. High spot entertainment of the evening was selling the pool on the polo teams. Guests of honor were C. A. Jackson, president of the Polo Association, Mr. and Mrs. Converse Converse, and Ed Hillman.

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The Cymbal is $1 a Year.

Tennis Tourney On At Del Monte

The annual Del Monte tennis championship meet got under way yesterday at the Del Monte courts with 50 of the outstanding net stars competing. The tournament, which will continue through Sunday, marks the return of two important players, Barbara Winslow and Frank Kovacs.

Miss Winslow, on her way to becoming one of the country's greatest women players, was forced to cut her career short at national junior championship, on account of illness, but her recovery has been complete and she is back at the game with keen enthusiasm. She will encounter such tough competition as Margaret Osbourne and Patsy Canning, in women's singles and mixed doubles.

Frank Kovacs, until recently under suspension, has been granted permission to compete in the Del Monte event by the Northern California Tennis Association. He is contending for the singles crown against Gene Smith, former Canadian champion, and will also compete with Jack Smeltzer as partner in doubles.

Dorothy Head, the Alameda girl who is fast developing into one of the top-notch juniors of the country, will have competition in junior singles from entries as far north as Sacramento.

Local players entered in the tournament list include Cedric Snook, and Don Chick of Monterey; Otto Winkelhaus, New Monterey; Geraldine and Patsy Shephard of Monterey Peninsula Country Club; Lieut. Dobson, Presidio of Monterey; and from Carmel, Ted Leidig, John Campbell, Frank Castagna and George Gossler.

WOMAN'S CLUB MEETING DATE IS ADVANCED TO MONDAY, APRIL 8

The regular monthly meeting scheduled for April 1 has been pushed up to April 8 at Pine Inn. The advance in date is in order to obtain the speaker, Mrs. June Richardson Lucas, who will speak on the topic of "International Ifs."

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Heron Announces New Groups To Read Plays

Herbert Heron, who has been conducting groups in the reading, study and acting of Irish plays and Shakespeare through the winter, under the auspices of the Carmel Adult School, announces a new schedule for spring.

Hereafter, on Tuesday evenings, a group will meet for the reading of various poetic dramas. Among the authors to be taken up are Maxwell Anderson, William Butler Yeats, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Stephen Phillips, Maurice Maeterlinck, Edmond Rostand, the great Greek dramatists, particularly Euripides, and some of the lesser known works of Shakespeare. These readings will be held in the lunch room at Sunset School every Tuesday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. Everyone interested is welcome to attend and to take part in the reading if desired.

On Friday evenings a group will meet for the reading of fine prose plays, such as those of Bernard Shaw, Robert Sherwood, J. M. Barrie, John Galsworthy, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, A. A. Milne, Ferenc Molnar, Henrik Ibsen, Oscar Wilde and Thornton Wilder. These readings will be in the lunch room at Sunset School every Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock. All are welcome, without charge.

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SECTION MEETINGS OF WOMAN'S CLUB ARE GIVEN NEW DATES

Carmel Woman's Club please note changes in schedule for the first week in April.

Monday, April 1, the bridge section will meet at Pine Inn at 2 p.m.

Wednesday, April 3, the book section will meet at 10:30 a.m. at Pine Inn. The speaker for the day will be Anne B. Fisher, reviewing her latest book, "Cathedral in the Sun."

Thursday, April 4, the garden section will meet at the home of Mrs. F. W. Clampett, San Antonia and Ninth streets. Time, 10:30 a.m. Alec Eddy will talk on "Present Garden Activities."

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DEMOCRATIC WOMEN MEET FRIDAY, APRIL 5

The regular monthly meeting of the Democratic Women's Club will be held on Friday afternoon, April 5, at 2:30, at the home of Miss Catherine Morgan on Carmelo, three doors south of Ocean avenue, on the east side. Members are urged to attend and bring their friends.

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ADULT GARDENING CLASS TO VISIT GARDEN AT NILES

Members of Alexander Eddie's class in home gardening will go to Niles Monday afternoon to see the extensive bulb gardens and other plants of the California Nursery Company. Anyone interested is welcome to accompany the group. This garden is described as one of the most beautiful sights of its kind anywhere.

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ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

At All Saints' this Sunday, the first Sunday after Easter, there will be Holy Communion at 8 a.m., the Church School at 9:30 a.m., and service of Morning Prayer at 11 a.m., with sermon message by the rector, the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé. The choir anthem will be *Three Lilies*, an old Breton Easter carol by Harvey Gaul. The choir will sing under the direction of Reu E. Manhire.

This Is an Editorial by Lynda Sargent In Support of the Library Bonds

The other day a poet got up in meeting and asked for a million dollars for his pet library. It was a fantastic notion and the poet hadn't much hope really. He had been daubed pretty pink by the nation's press and the meeting he was pleading before was for the most part hostile; it was largely an aggregation of Republicans swathed in rawhide; it was wholly a gathering of politicians; it was a meeting of the House Appropriations Committee of the U. S. Congress, sitting uneasily in chairs spiked with the quills of election year economy.

The poet, you will know, was Archibald MacLeish and his bookstacks make up the Library of Congress.

Well, he got his million dollars.

Then he got three hundred thousand dollars extra.

And then a stony-hearted Vermont Republican got up and made public acknowledgment from the floor of the poet's services to his country.

This is a very heartening thing to have happen, an event to make us believe that all the good things in life have not been cast yet into soft-nosed bullets. A lesson to some.

A lesson that comes right home to Carmel, whose library needs no less urgently, the very things Mr. MacLeish needed — more space, more books, better accommodations for the public as well as the librarians.

Many of us were truly shocked last year when our library bonds were voted down, because it was a shocking thing for Carmel to admit publicly the emptiness of some of its pretensions: the extent of some of its ignorance.

In my work for THE CYMBAL I have much occasion to use our library, to attest to the really prodigious efforts of Miss Niles and Miss Baker and Miss Wood not only to put at our command without cost, the whole public library resources of the State of California but to do it gladly, expertly and with the touch of understanding of personal and individual problems which makes it such a joy to use the library.

There is a strange thing about it, too. We need more books and we need more space for them and we need all sorts of added facilities. But in spite of this, I, personally, have never failed to be helped to the thing I want. Only this last week I was thumbing through the card index muttering, "puppets, puppets" and apparently there were no puppets, when there was a pleasant whiff over my shoulder and there was Miss Niles with two books in her hand. One of them was Max Boehm's fascinating "Dolls and Puppets" and the other a book I could only have *dreamt* of getting at this moment; Forman Brown's delightful story of his experiences with the Yale Puppeteers!

It's like that all the way along. When the Bach Festival approaches, the whole mass of material about Bach from pamphlet to tome which this State houses is brought here for our use. Without it we could not fairly do credit to this fine adventure in music.

Here, then, is our one unfailing medium of intellectual exchange; the necessary tool for the work of many of us and the fountainhead of pleasure for many others. It will be a miserable comment on our so-called intellectual community if we again fail in good faith toward it.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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AND WE FOUND THIS IN OUR EDITORIAL BASKET

Hilaire and Hope Belloc down Sunday from their Island off Sausalito. Ruth Taft stopping overnight at the Charlie Sayers—see Spud.

Jerry Chance Home (Pine Cone stock note)

Janet Strasburger had a party this week . . . . . phone Mamma with luck you'll get a personal.

The rumored impending marriage of Mr. & Mrs. Files is all just a salacious rumour intended to confuse their friends. We wish herewith to announce that any such statements should be carefully evaluated for what they are worth.

Passing on from all such mundane local gossip to topics of world wide interest we discover; that:

1. People who drink whisky are generally frisky.

2. That if all the time you and you spent minding other peoples business was spent putting your own in good order. Someday you and—

Norwegian consul general at Robles del Rio Lodge.

Jim Greenan is back.

Connie Palmer and her new hubby, Frank Adams, just back from a Honolulu honeymoon, week-ending in Carmel. Call Sue Shallcross at Helene Vye's.

Dr. and Mrs. Tom (something) Cox, S. F., very sweet to Sue when she was up in city—friends of Don Clampett's, week-ending here.

Loa Lloyd took her small six-year-older back to L. A. on the Daylight Sunday morning.

Don Clampett master-of-ceremony-ing no less a person than Basil Rathbone Sunday afternoon, showing him the Peninsula choicest lots and Basil with a gleam in his eye which means that he and the Mrs. may be future residents.

Marjorie Warren left with the Files for SLO and Morro Bay Monday night . . . Miss Warren to write an illustrated article on planting of the Oysters from her native State . . . . . Blah Blah—The occasion will probably be a re-union for M.W. and Ruth Nelson, who has been living in SLO for the last three months.

Opening of Whitney's new Continental Room Sat. nite . . . Get some dirt on this.

How about something on the literature on the Bulletin Board at Rudy's Snack last week? To the effect that some unnamed Carmelites, stranded in So. Cal. were rescued from their dilemma thru the efforts of Halle of the Bank of Carmel and the magic name of "The Owner of the Snack" . . . . .

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Mitzi To Stage Her Farewell To Puppets

Because of requests from their numerous friends, and because they can't stop acting, the cast of "Are You A Bug?" intends to tread once more the boards of John and Mitzi's Marionette Theatre before it changes hands April 1. There will be three performances, tonight, Saturday and Sunday matinee.

Mitzi and the cast will be ably assisted by those two young people who have decided to see that Carmel shall not be without her marionette theatre—Olga Taylor and Frank De Langton.

After a few raised eyebrows and inquiring glances from such members of the cast as the *Social Butterfly* and the *Duchess* at the new voices they had acquired, rehearsals settled down. Mitzi and cast are delighted with the new puppeteers' voices and the sly humor that De Langton gets into the manipulation of the ones he handles. All the friends who have enjoyed the original show will be delighted with the new treatment of several of the puppets.

Mitzi and the cast are happy to give this last opportunity to their friends to see this show before leaving Carmel.

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A Smattering of Ignorance — Oscar Levant
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Dildo Cay — Nelson Hayes
How Green Was My Valley — Robert Llewellyn
The Road to Folly — Leslie Ford
And Then There Were None — Agatha Christie
The Case of the Baited Hook — Erle Stanley Gardner
The Two Wives — Frank Swinnerton
Cathedral in the Sun — Anne B. Fisher
The Nazarene — Sholem Asch

Denny-Watrous Management
presents
"THE YALE PUPPETEERS"
A Sophisticated Revue for Adults
Saturday Evening, March 30, at 8:30 p.m.
Sunset School Auditorium
Tickets at Spud's
55c, 83c, 1.10, 1.65
Acclaimed by all critics as "Something to be sure and see."
"Sparkling, scintillating, sophisticated." N. Y. Times

Helen Crlenkovich Is at Del Monte Again Sunday

Helen Crlenkovich, the world's greatest girl diver, will give a repeat performance Sunday at Del Monte's Roman Plunge. She will bring with her the entire troup of the "Water Ballet," including her new diving partner, Leota Woodmansee. Miss Woodmansee, after only a few months of instruction, has claimed the Northern California Junior championship.

Ted Needham, who won the Pacific Association Senior championship, and Patsy Robinson, 1939 Junior Pacific Association champion, will also be with the group.

Comedy relief in the show will be furnished by Norman Hanley and Clyde Diaz, doing their idiotic diving antics, and a new member of their clowning team is Miss Margaret Murphy, said to be the only girl to attempt comedy diving in the history of aquatic sports. Leave it to the Irish.

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JAPANESE CONTRIBUTION TO FLOWER ARRANGEMENT TO BE DISCUSSED

Contemporary line arrangement will be the topic for discussion at Mrs. Helen E. Poulsen's class in flower arrangement next Thursday. Contributions of Japanese flower arrangement to line will be emphasized. This class is proving very popular, the students taking especial gratification in the results they are getting as they gather for the evening's criticisms.

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"EYESIGHT AND INSIGHT" DR. McKEE'S TOPIC AT COMMUNITY SUNDAY

"Eyesight and Insight—a Study of the Sunset Scene on the Road to Emmaus," will be the title of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon for the 11 o'clock service at Carmel Community Church on Sunday, March 31. The Church School begins at 9:45 a.m. The Bible Class convenes at 10 o'clock a.m. and the Junior group meets at 5 o'clock. Hjalmer Berg will be the soloist.

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MARIAN VAN TUYL DANCE GROUP HERE APRIL 16

Marian Van Tuyl, distinguished American dancer and her dance group, will come to Carmel for their first appearance April 16. Kit Whitman is presenting this program at the Carmel Playhouse in celebration of the second anniversary of the Carmel Art Institute which was born April 16, 1938. Almost all of the music has been written especially for Miss Van Tuyl's dances.

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Road conditions are good to Mt. Diablo, via Danville or Walnut Creek, reports the California State Automobile Association. Pavement extends from Oakland or Berkeley via the tunnel to Walnut Creek and Danville, whence oiled road continues to Mt. Diablo. The return trip can be made over good oiled road through Walnut Creek.

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Here's Something for Carmel Parents To Read—and Think About—and Do Something Somehow About

"A High School Teacher Speaks Out." That is the sub-head to the article with the heading "Lollipops vs. Learning" by Ann L. Crockett which apepared in the March 16 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

It reads as though Miss Crockett had seen Dorothea Bassett's recent article in THE CYMBAL, protesting methods of teaching at Sunset School in Carmel, and had decided to prove how true it is from a teacher's standpoint.

We quote the following excerpts from Miss Crockett's forceful article:

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After ten years of teaching in Progressive schools, I must confess that I'm ashamed of my job. I'm ashamed before the pupils into whose heads I am forced to put hazy frills instead of knowledge; ashamed before the parents, who pay my salary and wonder why their children are so ill-prepared for college and for life.

I have no quarrel with the best of the many ideas and methods which go by the name of Progressive education. I know that the schools of yesterday were rigid, formal, dry; that the curriculum was far too narrow for mass education in a democracy. I know that, scientifically, nobody can prove that the standard disciplines perform the mental magic the Classicists claim, and I gladly admit that the Progressivists did much to humanize the schools and adapt them to children's needs. But I maintain, from long and unhappy experience, that the ideals of Progressive education are being perverted by the excesses committed in its name. I think parents, if they knew what was going on in thousands of our public schools, would demand that *falderal cease* to be substituted for subject matter, and self-indulgence for discipline.

Said the mother of one of my seniors, "Why hasn't Harold learned to spell? He can't write a letter to his girl without asking me the simplest words. And he wants to go to medical school!" Another mother exclaimed, "I'm worried sick about Tommy. He can't stick to anything. One day he's going to design airplane engines; the next he's going to lead a band. He does too much at school—this activity, that activity—everything but study. How is he going to make a living when he graduates?"

* * *

The Progressivists think this tolerance proof of their humanitarianism. But is it merciful or kind to send poor deluded Bill out into a world so little interested in what hell's paved with? When Bill pulls the wrong switch in the power plant, will his foreman forgive him because he was, after all, working up to the full measure of his ability? If Bill joins a construction gang and calculates how much weight a bridge will safely hold, would it matter to a trainload of Progressivists—on their way to a conference—whether Bill merely tried to figure right, or whether he actually did?

Parents know what the world is made of—wherein they have the advantage of many Progressivists. They know how often the price of victory in life has been dull, hard, accurate, repetitious, slogging work. They know that drudgery is the cornerstone of all the professions and all the arts. And the neglect of drudgery's virtues in the Progressive schools would shock them.

It is easy to understand how Progressivism has fooled many parents. School buildings are more beautiful than any they went to; teachers are more highly specialized and more worldly than any they had; and the modern educational plant is a system so complex, so academic, even so enormous, that parents have let themselves become overawed.

They get their children to school on time, they sign grade reports; they like to consider their duty done. But that is not enough. Most parents never see the inside of their children's school buildings, never even meet the men and women to whom they entrust their Bills and Marys five days a week over a period of the twelve most important years of their lives. This is a pity—and at the same time a reproach.

Parents pay for every inch of their children's training from the kindergarten sandpile to the high-school diploma, and yet they have allowed admistrators full latitude for their intellectual boondoggling. It is for them to insist, "But after our children are socialized, what then? They still have to be educated." And it is for them to remember that they own the schools. School administrators spend their two billion a year in school taxes—and are never required to balance their books, are never audited educationally.

I wish mothers and fathers would visit their schools. Should like to see them visit classes in session; to hold the administrators accountable for all nonsense observed. I should like to see my own superintendent confronted by a committee of hard-headed fathers, to hear his justification of the home room.

Woolly-headed modernists, so confronted, would soon admit that our schools must find a middle ground between the Classicists' birch rod and the Progressivists' Bingo.

SCHOOL MENU

April 1-5

Monday: Alphabet soup, cardinal salad, cheese souffle, peas, ice cream.

Tuesday: Split pea soup, candle salad, beef stew, corn, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Vegetable soup, spiced pear and cottage cheese salad, spaghetti and tomato sauce, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Cream of tomato soup, apricot gelatin salad, hot dogs, spinach, caramel pudding.

Friday: Peanut butter soup, cherry salad, rice pudding, carrots, ice cream.

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Cymbal Classified Ads go places, are seen by people and do the strangest things.

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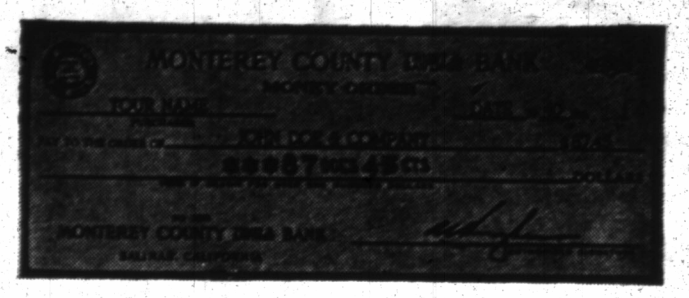
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Sunday Monday 31 April 1 — TO THE VICTOR
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Will Fyffe, Margaret Lockwood, John Loder
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Starring in the Exciting and Daring Espionage Film
DARK JOURNEY
Supported by Conrad Veidt

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

There is a dearth of dog news this week because the wise canine villagers had folded their tents like those Arabs and silently stolen home, leaving the village to the howling multitude of collegiate vacationists.

Only *Pal*, *Susy*, and *Alf* have braved the dangers of venturing among them. *Pal* has retired to the farthest corner of the post office, there to dream away the days until "Spring Vacations" are over. *Susy* has sought the comparative quiet of the Village Book Shop where she sits by the hour, gazing longingly up at the shelves containing books by local authors. (Just why she does this, nobody seems to know.) *Alf* keeps on the run, trotting up and down Ocean avenue for dear life. His curiosity was too great to allow him to stay at home, and his commonsense told him he was risking life and limb to be on the streets with all those careening, carelessly driven cars.

Practically all the other dogs in town stayed home, and, as they do on the Fourth of July, waited until the excitement had died down.

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"Butterfly turns into homebody," is a pretty good four-word description of the change that has taken place in *Connie* Cockburn. She used to be one of the gayest and most popular of our local glamour girls. Then she went to live on the Flying-O Ranch with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Cockburn. *Connie* took to ranch life immediately and became a very domestic young lady.

Now she insists on mothering all the baby lambs on the place. Her canine companions are *Timber* and *Jughead*, a pair of sturdy, bright-faced young Shepherds, who help her tend her charges. Her favorite companion is a very distinguished gentleman by the name of *Poocherino Guido de le Guitahldi*, who has exclusive charge of *Clarabelle*, the cow.

Connie is very, very happy in her new home with her new friends. She believes emphatically in the Simple Life.

+

The village belles were all agog last week over that blond Adonis from Santa Barbara, *Zono* Walker, who, with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Walker, was visiting here.

Zono was accompanied also by a peppery bit of femininity named *Chiquita*, an engaging little waif whom Mrs. Walker picked up and adopted—and who now runs the Walker household, and *Zono*. (*Chiquita* has the fiery Latin temperament and oodles of personality.) She and *Zono* make a very striking pair, she so small and dark and vivacious, and he so tall and blond and handsome. They were a pleasing and attractive addition to the village scene.

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OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Courtwright of Berkeley came down to the Valley to go into a heavy session with Walter Anderson who is to build their new house. Either their budget has to stretch or the houseplans have to shrink. Mrs. C., known as Jim, says no shrinkie, and Courty says no stretchie, so things are at a deadlock right now. But they temporarily buried their respective hatchets and celebrated Doc Joldersma's birthday with him and family.

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We had a pretty good fire scare the other day when Cautious Willie phoned frantically to the store and said for everybody to get out their blankets and buckets of water because Mark Wilmot's place was burning down or up. Mott Hitchcock and Lyle Henderson bustled about and got the whole tract excited but when they arrived they found Mark working like a beaver, waving a gunny sack and trying to stir up a blaze to dispose of green cuttings and weeds in his back yard. With such a lot of smoke Mark felt there should have been *SOME* fire. So did Cautious Willie.

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Miss Gussie Meyer of the Old Cabin Inn came out to look over the new lunch room and was duly impressed. This week the benches and tables are being installed and what with the new nickle phonograph machine and the highly waxed linoleum the Cracker Barrel is no jim-crow of a place any more.

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Al Wier is going to quit matching dimes, or maybe smoking cigars. He matched with Rosie and won the other night, and the stakes were a package of cigars, known as Gladstone Juniors. Al felt pretty good about his luck, and passed the package around to the boys at the counter. Rosie requested that everyone go outside to smoke them, and after the first puff the reason for that was clear. The cigars came at five for ten cents.

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Mrs. Mary De Serpa and her daughter May from Salinas have bought the Craig place and plan to make their permanent home in the Robles hills.

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The Mathiots from Rancho Carmelo still hold hi-record for attendance and enthusiasm at the Denny-Watrous shows, and last Saturday night, when they took their daughter Peggy and her group of girl friends from Mills College who spent Easter Week at the ranch in to see the performance of "The Streets of New York," the company presented K.D. and the Missis with a very charming Mexican silver sombrero-ash-tray. Funny thing was that Mrs. K.D. had used all her self-control while in Taxco, and refrained from buying exactly the same article, and was she pleased with the present! Things have been going on at the ranch this last week. Two big dinner parties, one given by Mrs. Louise Grigsby of Forest Hills School and the other by Brig-Gen. and Mrs. D. W. Hand from Carmel. The Grigsby party included the A. J. Bales, the Richard Bales and Miss Bette Bale from Piedmont, the Grigsbys from Salinas, the Smileys from S.F. and local friends. General Hand brought all his old army friends, who are out at Camp Ord, up for a sample of Connie's very fine cooking.

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Mil and Bud Storm left Robles earlier than they had planned because they had to go down in to the village to watch young brother, Johnny Storm, put on an exhibition tennis match with Helen Wills Moody Roark.

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Sonny Roberts is back from the south, bringing his wife and daughter, Jacqueline, with him. They've taken the Howard house and are going to be here for good. Sonny says no open house until they are settled and the furniture is shipped up, but if you want to drop in bring your own apple-box.

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The Schulte place was the scene of much merriment last Sunday when the Ray Forces had their annual barbecue and egg hunt. Twenty-six people caravaned up for the event which was given this year in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams of Santa Barbara and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cross from San Francisco. The egg hunt started things off in fine fashion, for one out of every five eggs hidden was a white one, and the white ones contained old-fashioned cocktails. Rules of the hunt were only one white egg to a finder. There were 25 dozen eggs hidden, so figure the number of white ones in the batch. After the hunt there was swimming in the river, expected and unexpected. About the time they got ready to eat lunch it started to rain but nothing daunted the Force party. They stretched canvas roofs and carried on regardless of the deluge.

ELSBETH FRELLSJN

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GALE TO DISCUSS WORK OF AMERICAN POETS

Robinson Jeffers is included in the list of poets to be discussed by R. J. Gale in a new series of lectures beginning next Monday. Gale's list for this springtime series includes, besides Jeffers, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edgar Lee Masters and Walt Whitman. The special topics will be "The Masculine Voice in Poetry," "Lyric Humanitarianism," "The Voluble Dead" and "The Good Gray Poet's Philosophy of Life."

Gale's lectures are offered by the Carmel Adult School in the library of Sunset School Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

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Personalities & Personals

A surprise birthday party was given at the home of Mrs. Hazel Hesse last week for Miss Patricia Petrocelli of San Francisco. The Hesse home at Fourth and Dolores was turned into the "Sign of the Spotted Pig" for the occasion, and such unusual and useful gifts as a can of spinach, a corsage of radishes and parsley, and a glass of green jelly were among the birthday gifts received by Miss Petrocelli. "Saint Patty," as she is familiarly known to her intimate associates, was honored by the presentation of an original volume written by her hostess, and entitled "Snakes of Wrath"; being a genealogy of snakedom, ranging from champagne wigglers to the variety produced by bathtub gin. Needless to say, Miss Petrocelli was born on March 17 in San Francisco, but since that time has spent her life traveling from Shanghai to Paris to Mexico to Carmel. She is now with the Mexican Idol, in Monterey, and spends her spare time doing remarkable photographic portraits.

+

Among the distinguished guests who spent Easter holidays in Carmel were Mrs. Reginald H. Parsons and Mrs. Thos. Nash of the Highlands, Seattle; Dean and Mrs. J. H. Jackson of Stanford University; Miss Alma Lowry Williams, head of the music department of San Jose State College; Mr. Chester Fritz of Shanghai, Mr. and Mrs. H. Calvin Brown of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Howard of San Francisco, Mr. John deBruyn Kops of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bergfeldt of Anaheim. The aforesaid were guests at Pine Inn.

At La Playa were General and Mrs. Charles M. Bundel of San Francisco, Mrs. J. H. Hills and daughter Jean from Fort Lewis, who joined Colonel Hills for the holiday week, two honeymooning couples—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Holbrook, Jr., from San Francisco and Mr. and Mrs. John Steinhart from Palo Alto. Mrs. Steinhart was formerly Jean Nichols of San Mateo.

+

Galt Bell stopped over for a night last week, but missed seeing "The Streets of New York" by 24 hours.

+

Mrs. Robert Stanton was hostess to a large group of friends at a barbecue in her patio. Being Easter week, bunny-rabbits (the Walt Disney variety) came out from purple heather and nibbled at purple cabbages which decorated the tables. Among the beef consumers were Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Frank T. Heffelfinger and party from Del Monte Lodge, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith and Mr. A. T. von Dahn of Burlingame, Christopher Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow and Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Heffelfinger.

+

The Basil Rathbones and the Nigel Bruces, who came up to Del Monte Lodge for a rest, have been doing such a round of luncheons and teas that they will have to do their resting when they return to Hollywood. But how can they resist such hospitality as that put out by the Sidney Fishes, the Sam Morses, the Allen Griffins, and the Tyrrell-Martins?

+

Dr. and Mrs. Remsen Bird were back in Carmel for Holy Week.

+

At La Ribera are Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Dickie of San Francisco, Mrs. Leah Eschen and family from Healdsburg, Mrs. Fern Hyde and daughter Jean, old residents of Carmel but now residing in Beverly Hills, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Trevor of Oakland, returning to the States after a long sojourn in France.

+

Andrew Carrick left for his home in Vancouver B.C., terminating a two weeks' stay at La Ribera.

+

Only 20 days in this country from his native Italy, Luigi Silva, noted cellist, stopped off to see Kit Whitman and to make inquiries about our Bach Festival. Signor Silva will be on the summer session faculty of the Dominican Convent in San Rafael and plans further visits to lovely Carmel.

+

Highlands Inn, famous for honeymooners, had two San Francisco newly-wed couples this last weekend. They were Mr. and Mrs. Logan P. Claiborne, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bell, occupying the snug little cottages which offer such delightful seclusion.

Other guests at the Inn were Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Newman of Minneapolis. Newman is vice-president of the Great Northern Railway.

E. S. Erwin, comptroller of Stanford University, and Mrs. Erwin, spent the Easter holidays at the Inn, as did Bernard C. Weber and Wilson Cannon, also from Stanford.

Making their yearly visit to California, and here for a month at the Inn, are Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Thomas of Oak Park, Illinois.

+

Miss Emily Pitkin's two sisters, Mrs. Edward W. McCready and Mrs. Horace M. Poynter, of Oak Park, Ill., are spending the coming month in Carmel.

+

Dick and Rhoda Johnson have moved back into their home in Hatton Fields. The move was made during the production of "The Streets of New York," where Rhoda was holding down the job of custodian of costumes, and nobody but that versatile gal could have handled both jobs without making a mis-move and mixing hoop-skirts with pots and kettles.

+

Mrs. John E. Abernethy gave a birthday dinner party and bridge for her husband and Frank Porter last week. The house was gay with spring blossoms and seasonal decorations. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Porter of Robles Del Rio, Peggy and Milton Marquard of Oakland, and Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Carter of Carmel. Following the party Mr. Abernethy left for San Jose where he attended a bankers' executive board meeting at Hotel Sainte Claire.

+

Jeanne Scott of Carmel and Alphonse Elson of Monterey were married last Tuesday at the Monterey Mission Church. Following the wedding a breakfast was held at Pine Inn where 50 of the wedding guests gathered to cut the cake and drink the health of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Elson left for the south on their honeymoon, stopping over at Santa Barbara and continuing to Los Angeles. Upon their return the young couple will live in Carmel as both are employed at Carmel Playhouse.

+

Mission Ranch Club will hold the weekly bridge tournament Monday evening, as usual. Last week's winners were Mrs. Harry Nuck and Mrs. M. L. Dewar, first prize; Mrs. Esther Hitchcock and Mrs. Paul Low, second.

+

Bob Leidig, chief of our fire department, and Mrs. Leidig took a jaunt last week-end. They attended, or Bob did, the organization meeting of the San Joaquin Valley Rural Fire Conference at Merced and then went on to Yosemite where they attended the annual Easter sunrise service.

+

Mrs. Sidney A. Trevvett entertained at a small and intimate luncheon for her daughter, Mrs. Gilbert H. Meese of Woodside, who is visiting for the week. Mrs. Meese is accompanied by her two sons, David and John.

+ + +

The road from Cloverdale to The Geysers is closed, reports the California State Automobile Association. The route from Healdsburg to The Geysers is passable with careful driving required, due to numerous slides.

+ + +

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GRIMES & RUHL

Princess Stefanie, Hitler's Friend, Visits Carmel

(Continued from Page One)

the Princess is also known to the tabloids as "the mystery woman of Europe" and has been described as "a very, very shrewd and a very, very dangerous woman." The mystery surrounding her is so fantastic that one candid reporter described her thus: "A stumpy, determined middle-aged woman . . with mouse-brown hair" and another says she is "small, plump, with red gold hair, sleeked up-style."

Still surrounded by clouds of mystery after losing her bizarre law suit against Lord Rothermere in 1939, Princess Steffi, her son, and her mother, Baroness Szepessy, came to New York from London, December 22, 1939, and stayed at the Plaza, although the desk clerk seems unaware of that fact.

The Princess is reputed to have been born into a middle-class Jewish family named Richter in Vienna in 1896. Her father was an attorney. To this, Steffi, one-time close friend of Adolph Hitler, impatiently said: "They say my father was in prison, that I am a Jewess named Richter and that I was arrested in France as a spy. I won't dignify those statements by confirming or denying them."

The sensational suit which she filed against the Nazi-admiring Lord Rothermere who controlled the London *Daily Mail, Evening News* and *Sunday Dispatch*, besides numerous provincial papers, was to force him to pay her $20,000 yearly for the rest of her life. She affirmed that he paid her some $185,000 (he says it was over $250,000) for her services as "foreign political representative." She declared that Lord Rothermere in 1927 "had decided to work for the restoration of the Hohenzollern and Habsburg dynasties. He wanted to be a modern Warwick-the-King-maker and work on the European rather than the English field."

It is said that in 1931 she arranged a $400,000,000 loan through the pro-German British publisher to Hitler. Her career as a leading "intrigante" started long after her marriage. On May 12, 1914, she married Prince Friedrich Franz Hohenlohe-Waldenburg Schillingsfurst The Almanach de Gotha listed the marriage as "not in conformity with the princely house of Hohenlohe." Six years later, after their son was born, they were divorced. In Germany she became a powerful personality in the intrigues of the country when she met Captain Fritz Weidemann, Hitler's aide-de-camp, now German Consul in San Francisco. Through him she met Goebbels and it was decided that though she was a non-Aryan, she could be useful to the cause. She was given the title "Honorary Aryan" and was hostess during the mission to Prague of Viscount Runciman where, surrounded by Germans and Sudetens, she explained the Nazi viewpoint to Runciman. She is credited with arranging meetings which helped to bring about the Munich Pact.

During the trial in London it was brought out that when in 1933 she was reported in the French press as expelled from France because she was a Nazi spy, Lord Rothermere told her not to sue French papers as he would defend her. Steffi's closeness to Hitler was brought out by a letter from German Consul General Weidemann who wrote: "There is no doubt in my mind that he (Hitler) will grant to her any help he can in her fight to re-establish her personal honor and financial status."

The Princess says she has come to the United States to write her memoirs for which she is asking a very high price. Her agents are Curtis, Brown. In her book she expects to recount her friendships with Hitler, Lord Rothermere and Fritz Weidemann. She thinks it will take a year to write for she has never written anything before. In New York, when asked how her writing was coming along, she replied airily, "I expect to start in a few weeks." It is believed that she is here because she is no longer useful to Hitler, after the publicity attending her trial; unwelcome in England, and not allowed to enter Italy, which she tried. While here she is the subject of close scrutiny by both the New York Police Alien Squad and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Refusing to discuss international politics with reporters she said: "If you like to write something about me you might say I am known for my loyalty to my friends, my love of music and my taste in dress. I have also won two beauty contests, one in England and another in Australia." Her taste in dress is attested by a reporter who wrote: "She wore a silver fox turban with a provocative pink rose perched on it, a silver fox finger-length coat, a black silk jersey (Alix model) and black kid Perugia sandals with sky-blue platform soles. Gorgeous diamond ear-clips were fastened on her small and pretty ears and a scintillating diamond clip lighted her dark dress."

+ + +

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+ + +

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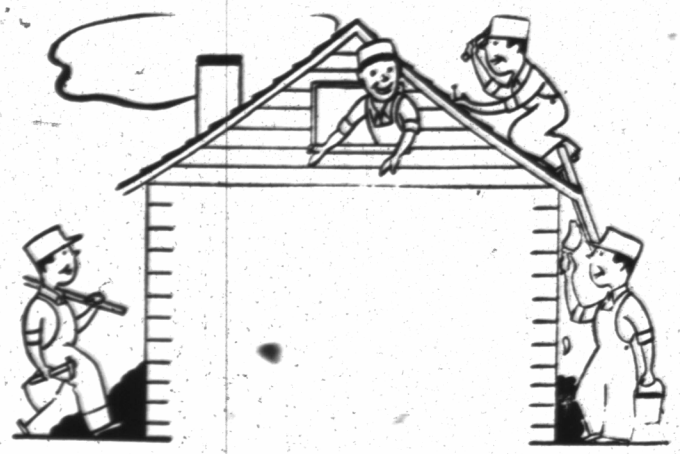

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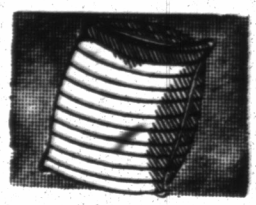

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CARMEL SCHOOL NEWS

Editor for The Cymbal, Avelline Quinn

Assistants
Henrietta Erickson • Clelle McAllister
Tony Van Ryper • Cynthia Klein
Sandy Burhans

ST. PATRICK'S DANCE

The St. Patrick's Dance held on March 15 in the lunch room of the Carmel Junior High was a huge success with more than 60 students attending.

The party was started with a grand march led by Mary Jane Reel and Bill Wishart. There were several novelty dances such as the snowball tag, the roulette wheel, a potato dance and a balloon dance. For the latter the boys were each given a balloon to which they fastened a card with their name. This they batted across the room to the girls who thus selected their partners. This dance proved to be most exciting with everyone trying to catch a balloon.

During the intermission several seventh grade girls did an Irish jig which was something like our Virginia Reel with a touch of Ireland in it. Several students participated in an Irish relay race.

Refreshments of punch and cookies were served to quench the thirst of the dancers. Later, peppermints in the shape of Shamrocks were passed by girls in quaint costumes typical of Ireland.

—HENRIETTA ERICKSON

+

EASTER PARTY

Miss Adele Osborne's home room had an Easter party Friday before Easter. Ice cream was served. Pat Tarrant brought a punch board for the class. Each student had to get up in front of the room and carry out the instructions given on the board.

—YVONNE WELSH

+

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The week before Easter vacation, the Photography Club took pictures of the Archery Club in action. On April 6, the photographers will visit George Smith's darkroom and photographic laboratory. He will give them some pointers on how to develop and print pictures. —TONY VAN RYPER

+

ROBES FOR CHOIR

Mothers of the students of Carmel Junior High have been asked to help make robes for the A Capella choir. These robes are cut on artistic lines, are maroon in color with white collars. They resemble high school graduation gowns in shape. The choir is under the direction of Miss Grace Knowles. Mrs. Helen Poulsen is supervising the making of the gowns. —MONA SAGE

+

GROUNDS IMPROVED

To their surprise and contentment, students of the Carmel Junior High school returned from their sunny Easter vacation to find that the holes they had left in the north playfield had disappeared. These miniature gulleys had been washed by the heavy winter rains, slowing up the baseball games, which are just now the boys' main interest in life. The repairs were directed by Mr. William Askew, Carmel's superintendent of streets. City trucks carried the gravel, and members of the street department levelled and rolled it, so that the field is now in fine shape.

—MARIE ELIZALDE

+

VACATIONS

Many of the students and teachers of Carmel Junior High school left Carmel for the Easter vacation. Superintendent O. W. Bardarson went to Long Beach to a meeting of high school principals from all over the state. Among the teachers who went to various places are Arthur C. Hull, who spent his vacation working at Stanford; R. J. Gale, who went to Ensenada, Mexico; Mrs. Frances C. Johnson, who went to Los Angeles; Miss Adele Osborne, who went to Oakland, and Clifford Squier, who spent part of his vacation in Chico. Among the Junior High students, Kraig Short went to San Francisco, John Wood, Bill Christierson and Vincent Torras camped in Pine Valley; Ann Pierce visited the Grand Canyon; Bill Askew went to Fresno; Marie Elizalde visited Los Angeles, and Bradley and Avey Quinn went to the family ranch near Fresno.

—CLELLE McALLISTER

+

BASEBALL

Milton Thompson's **Tigers** defeated Bob Elias' **Eagles** 7 to 6, in the third game of a series of intermural baseball games played at Carmel Junior High last week.

Outstanding players were Howard Lockwood, pitcher for the **Eagles**; Harold Albright of the **Eagles**, who caught six flies during the game, and Dick Uzzell, first baseman for the **Tigers**, who caught four flies.

At the end of the first inning the **Eagles** were leading 3 to 0 but in the second the **Tigers** made one run and in the third they made five runs. The **Eagles** did not score after the first inning until their last licks when they made their other three runs.

The game was umpired by Coach Frank Gossling.

—HENRIETTA ERICKSON

+

BASKETBALL

Basketball teams have been elected by the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades of the Carmel Junior High for interclass play, which will take place at the close of this week in the school gym.

The ninth grade's team consists of Peggy Garguilo, Meta Gossler and Laura Lee Koepp, forwards; Margery Street, Avelline Quinn, and Dorris Evans, guards; Martina Tait, Yvonne Welsh, and Cornelia Shuman (captain), centers.

Eighth grade: Rose Gossler, Cynthia Klein, and Dorris Westcott, forwards; Barbara Bolin, Elizabeth Stanley, and Dorothy McEntire, guards; Marie Elizalde (captain), Vivian Ohm, and Suzanne Watson, centers.

The seventh grade elected Sonia Koehler, Mary Jane Reel, and Patsy Lovell, forwards; Judith McMahan, Virginia Bussey, and Barbara McReynolds, guards, and Wileen Jones (captain), Ruth Funchess, and Irene Erickson, centers. —AVELLINE QUINN

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradley of San Francisco are staying in Carmel for the week. Mr. Bradley is orchestra house-leader of the Golden Gate Theatre, and was formerly arranger and head of the reed section with Rudy Vallee's orchestra. Mrs. Bradley (Madelon Syvier) is a concert violinist and plans a tour of the Pacific Coast this coming fall.

+ + +

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1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EXCELLENT PROPERTY in the Highlands—will sell or trade for Carmel property. Please address Cymbal L-69. (13)

CARMEL VALLEY RANCH. 565 acres twelve miles up from the turn. North side of Highway. Rolling hills to top of Ridge overlooking Monterey Bay. Large oaks. 55 acres plow land. Inexpensive water. Beautiful homesite. Sunny, warm climate. 20 minutes from Carmel. $25,000. Inquire any real estate broker or write P.O. Box AI, Carmel. (13)

ATTRACTIVE 3-BEDROOM Home. Well Located. Close to beach. Also guest house. 2-car garage. 2 lots. Nicely landscaped. A Good value. $10,000. Completely furnished. On terms if desired. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O., Tel. 63. (13)

BEAUTIFUL CORNER LOT at 12th and Camino Real. Excellent residential district; 3 blocks from beach. Price $2000. Terms. Tel. 646. (tf)

PEBBLE BEACH BARGAIN—It is more than a bargain—it's a steal. Right on 17-Mile Drive. Land alone worth $15,000. Large 3-bedroom home, fully furnished, for $20,000—and terms, too! This is an opportunity for someone wanting a fine home cheap—owner really wants to sell now! CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave., Tel. 66. (13)

A REAL HOME—Just given us for sale. In perfect condition. 3 bedrooms, very large livingroom. Central heat. 2 lots, corner. Sunny. Nice garden. Excellent residential section. Easy walk to town or school. Ready to move into. Priced for immediate sale at $7500. Worth $8500. Clear of indebtedness. Will qualify for loan. Exclusive with CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave., Tel. 66. (13)

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL WOODS LOTS—Where else can you buy 65-ft. lots for $550 and $600 on payments as low as $10 per month? Beautiful trees—sunny—truly a desirable home section. New homes are being built all over the place. Drive thru and see for yourself. F.H.A. Loans easily secured. All utilities are there—sewers too! Buy a lot in Carmel Woods now! SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (13)

CARMEL'S BEST BUYS
We offer a group of very fine lots, short walk of Post Office, for $350 each.
On Carpenter Street, lots at $250 and $350 each.
1 New and delightful 2-bedroom house, $3,300.
WHITE REALTY COMPANY
Tel. 171. (13)

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

TWO-BEDROOM HOUSE, close to the beach, $45. Also three-bedroom house, very attractive, for $75. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at Eighth. Tel. 303. (13)

GUEST HOUSE. Floor furnace. Automatic hot water heater. Tel. Cordelia Gilman, Carmel 255-W. (13)

GUEST HOUSE, sunny, with private entrance. Double studio bed with innerspring mattress. Private bath with shower. Address L-68, Cymbal office. (tf)

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS with private entrance and garage. Tel. 760-R or write P.O. Box 675. (tf)

29—JOBS WANTED

CAPABLE, REFINED woman, with child, wants work in good home. Telephone Carmel 199. (tf)

17—FOR SALE

COUCH WITH MATTRESS PAD, $5. Tel. 214-W. (13)

TWO FINE hotel or restaurant gas ranges for sale cheap. One with broiler attached. Tel. Monterey 7440. (tf)

18—WANTED
Miscellaneous

CLEAN, WHITE or colored rags. Must be free from lint. Preferably old sheets or pillow cases. 10¢ per lb. Carmel Press and Cymbal Office.

24—LOST AND FOUND

LOST—PAIR grey-rimmed spectacles Monday between Casanova and Dolores, around 13th. Finder please call Carmel 163. (13)

Real Lot Values
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MISSION TRACT
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A Section of All New Homes
SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER

Bette Davis Star in 'Marked Woman' At Playhouse

Today and tomorrow the Playhouse concludes the run of "Marked Woman," rated by critical opinion as Bette Davis' most powerful role. She is supported by Eduardo Cianelli in the part of a "clip joint" racketeer and Humphrey Bogart as the public prosecutor. Both men give superb performances. Aside from the social significance of this outstanding Bette Davis film, which follows closely the activities of District Attorney Dewey in ridding New York of one of its most sinister outgrowths, the picture offers vivid and exciting entertainment. A *Liberty* four star picture.

Sunday and Monday the Playhouse offers the famous story of "Bob, Son of Battle," the film title being "To the Victor." Will Fyffe, noted Scottish character actor, plays the lead as the owner of *Black Wull*, killer sheep dog, with Margaret Lockwood and John Loder supporting. The picture is beautifully made by London Films, which produced "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and other outstanding British pictures. The film is a stirring version of what is by far the finest dog story ever written.

Tuesday and Wednesday bring "In Name Only," co-starring Carole Lombard, Cary Grant and Kay Francis in an unusually impressive dramatic romance. Of this film *Liberty's* reviewer said, "A franker and more honest attack upon the problem of the eternal triangle than ordinarily comes out of Hollywood. How this film got past the outpost of the Hays Code remains a mystery." Our former neighbor, Arthur Hately of Pebble Beach, plays a prominent role under his screen name of Jonathan Hale. Hately's character work improves steadily. It is suggested that we watch him closely. Some day we may be glad to say, "I knew him when . . . ," etc.

For the last film on the current week's program the Playhouse has plucked a plum by bringing Vivian Leigh, the *Scarlett O'Hara* of "Gone With The Wind," in her own starring vehicle, "Dark Journey," a thrilling pre-war espionage film actually made on the North Sea and in its harbors, the very scene of today's naval struggle. Supported by Conrad Veidt, beautiful Vivian Leigh, speaking her own language and devoid of the artificial "Southern" accent recently laid on, justifies her reputation as one of England's most brilliant stage and screen players.

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Ruth Nelson and Eric Provost visited friends in Carmel over the Easter week-end.

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The Cymbal carries Carmel's atmosphere anywhere in the United States for $1 a Year.

"Balalaika" at Carmel Theatre Sunday; "Slightly Honorable" on Screen Now

NELSON EDDY and ILONA MASSEY in "Balalaika"

"Balalaika," coming to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, March 31, is Nelson Eddy's fourth anniversary picture. It was four years ago that Eddy became a star overnight by his appearance with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta."

Just as he rode to fame with Miss MacDonald, so is he now giving the "big chance" to another new screen personality in "Balalaika." She is Ilona Massey. In this colorful story of old Russia, under the White regime, Miss Massey's blonde beauty and charming voice give promise of a rising star.

"Balalaika" will run through Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

Tonight and Saturday offer "Slightly Honorable" with Pat O'Brien, Edward Arnold and Ruth Terry, and as second feature, "All Women Have Secrets," with Joseph Allen, Jean Cagney and Virginia Dale.

Wednesday and Thursday of next week will be the first showings of another Jones Family picture, entitled "As Young As You Feel," and a secondary film, "Emergency Squad," with William Henry and Louise Campbell.

ANNUAL COOKIE SALE OF GIRLS SCOUTS STARTS MONDAY FOR MONTH

Annual Girl Scout Cookie Sale gets under way Monday and all during the month of April orders will be taken for the 3500 boxes they intend to sell. Proceeds will take the Girl Scouts to summer camp at Big Sur. The cookies sell for 25 cents per box, and our memory of them from last year is still pleasantly fragrant.

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Heavily flowing waterfalls and a profusion of wildflowers are in prospect this year in Yosemite National Park because of the heavy rain and snowfall totals, reports the touring bureau of the California State Automobile Association.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY OF ALL SAINTS' MEETS APR. 4

The Women's Auxiliary of All Saints' will hold an important meeting Thursday, April 4, at 1 o'clock. After a box luncheon Mrs. George Batte of Berkeley, president of the House of Churchwomen for this diocese, will speak on the Madras Conference. The women's auxiliaries of Pacific Grove, Salinas and Watsonville have been asked as special guests and anyone interested will be cordially welcomed.

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Mrs. Jean Potter Stafford of New York City, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zenas L. Potter of Carmel, arrived here yesterday and will be here two weeks. Mrs. Stafford is on the staff of *Fortune* magazine.

Tirey Ford Buys Cottages From Pine Inn

Tirey L. Ford, of San Francisco and Carmel, brother of Byington Ford, and who occupied his new and commodious home on Santa Lucia in the Mission Tract about a year ago, is also going into business in Carmel.

Through the Carmel Realty Company he has bought the 14 Pine Inn cottages and the 200 x 200 area of property which they occupy at Ocean avenue, Monte Verde and Casanova streets. They will hereafter be conducted for rental purposes as a separate unit from Pine Inn, and under the agency of the Carmel Realty.

In disposing of the cottage property, John Jordan, owner of Pine Inn, wants it to be known that the sale effects in no way his continued conduct of the hotel except that much of the money realized from the transaction will be used to increase and improve the service at Pine Inn.

"As it is Carmel's oldest and traditional home for visitors to Carmel, so Pine Inn will continue to retain its attraction," Jordan said. "It is my one interest and I shall endeavor to make it even more than through the past years a place of charm, typical of the spirit and the atmosphere of Carmel."

Tirey Ford hasn't yet deposed and said what he proposes about the cottages, but he will, or Corum Jackson of the Carmel Realty Company will, and when it is said and done, we'll tell you.

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CARMEL WITH THREE CASES OF MEASLES HAS GOOD BILL OF HEALTH

Carmel district is a healthy place to live. From all the communicable diseases reported during the week ending March 23, only three cases were in this location, and those three were measles.

We Think They're Interesting

(Continued from Page One)

shoot at. Even observation planes have to know how to handle a machine gun. Next week some of them will be off to San Luis Obispo for maneuvers in that area. But they'll be back. It looks now as though they'd be here until May 15, but you never can tell these days what will happen. They may be here all summer, and wouldn't that be hard to take!

—MARJORIE WARREN

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